

behind the rafters. The white plaster quite destroys the dark shadow of an open roof. At St. Mark's, Venice, this is partially avoided by a slight swelling on the plaster, but the dark wood would have a far finer effect, as may be seen in any old roof, and then the principal beams might be relieved by a little illumination. The walls are all open, and the greater part is appropriated. The architect is Mr. Harrison, a cousin of Mr. Pelly, the late rector of St. John, who projected the undertaking. The site was given by Mr. Davidson. The east window is his gift. Upon Mr. Pelly's death, his widow and family carried on the work; and to the 500*l.* with which he had headed the subscription list they added other handsome donations. The first stone was laid by Mrs. Dickenson, of St. John Court, who placed under it a portion of the rock of Mount Zion, provided for the purpose by the late Vicar of Biston, who has also, by advice and opinion been instrumental in carrying on the building. — *Hogarth church, Herefordshire, has been restored and reopened.* — The committee for the restoration of St. Basil's, Boston, met on Friday week, to receive plans for the extensive work to be effected in the church. There were ten plans presented, and two or three tenders for warming the church. The selection mentioned in another place was made on the following day. The whole of the plans will be exhibited at the Assembly-rooms to the subscribers.

HOGARTH'S TOMB IN CHISWICK CHURCHYARD.

SURELY a tomb containing such names as Hogarth, Garrick, and Thornhill, is worth preserving,—at all events, the beautiful lines inscribed on it by Garrick to the memory and talent of Hogarth are. At present neither the one nor the other is scarcely visible, and, unless a person knew the tomb, it would be passed unnoticed. It would reflect great credit on those connected with the church and parish to reinstate the inscriptions at so trifling an expense as it would cost. These are Garrick's lines inscribed on the tomb:—

"To thee, great painter of mankind,
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And, thro' the eye, correct the heart.
If genius inspire thee, reader, stay,
If nature move thee, drop a tear,
If neither touch thee, pass away,
For Hogarth's honours dust lies here."
"D. GARRICK."

RUSKIN AND HIS REVIEWERS.

IN an article on the "Stones of Venice," in the new number of the *British Quarterly*, we are told to look for important changes as the almost inevitable results of Mr. Ruskin's philosophical criticisms and novel doctrines in architecture. "It is impossible," says the writer, "that the modern systems of architectural practice and criticism can survive this blow. We venture to predict that some of the laws herein promulgated will be loudly and almost universally protested against by professional architects, and as universally, though silently, and perhaps tardily and reluctantly, adopted by them."

It does not at all appear, however, that Mr. Ruskin's architectural writings have as yet made much impression upon "professional architects," or that they give them any concern. Even if disliked by professionalists, they are not protested against by them,—certainly not loudly, or indeed openly in any way. Those belonging to the profession take Mr. Ruskin's attack on almost every thing connected with established theory and practice, remarkably quietly; probably, because they are of opinion that if it be left to itself, his doctrine will fall to the ground, and be, if not forgotten, remembered and referred to only as the visionary speculations of one who shows himself determined to be original, *coste quod costet*. It is possible, however, that their silence will be differently interpreted,—be attributed to their inability to justify their present practices, or to gainsay any of the accusatory and condemnatory argumentations

directed against them by Mr. Ruskin, who has set himself up for being an infallible authority in matters of art and sound taste, and is therefore likely to pass for such among the many.

That such would be the case is anticipated by the writer in the *British Quarterly*; and the consequences thereupon ensuing are briefly pointed out as follows:—"It is among the 'unlearned' that Mr. Ruskin will find his first proselytes; and to these, indeed, it is that he particularly addresses himself, well knowing that the amendment of the professional architect cannot be better secured than by amending the taste of his paymaster, the people. Modern architects commonly evince supreme contempt, not only for all unprofessional opinions concerning the more difficult questions of construction, and distribution (?), but also for all 'amateur' opinions concerning the eminently popular question of architectural effect. This is a trick of the craft to conceal their incompetence and bad faith, and its success hitherto has been owing to the foolishness and false humility of the people, who have not done more wisely in this matter than if they had believed a botanist's assertion of the impossibility of being sensible to the beauty of a flower without a professional acquaintance with botany," against which last remark nothing can be urged.

It appears, then, that Mr. Ruskin's doctrines are likely to gain with those who virtually possess influence over the destinies of architecture, although they do not at present care to exercise it,—being content to follow, instead of directing and leading; and his doctrines are calculated to produce such a complete revolution in architectural study and architectural taste, that a very great deal of what has hitherto been considered orthodox with respect to both, will become obsolete, and be rendered a dead-letter. He strives hard to put us out of conceit with all the architecture of our country, whether it be mediæval or modern. According to him, the style of the new Houses of Parliament is no better than Gothic put into a strait-waistcoat of Perpendicular lines! While as to our public structures, generally, they all exhibit and exemplify in a greater or less degree "the baseness of the schools of architecture, and nearly every other art, which have for three centuries been predominant in Europe."

So far, too, from our endeavouring gradually to wean ourselves from these schools, and shake off their influence, we have of late taken them again into special favour,—as Pall Mall can testify. When, lo! comes Mr. Ruskin, and tells us we are all utterly wrong; and, to increase our mortification, that equally dogmatical and insulting judgement is, if not actually applauded, suffered to pass unchallenged and unseparated; one of his numerous critics daring to call attention to such delicate points, or, indeed, to anything that would require them to dissent from the dicta of one whom they would have us regard as an oracle.

It is not to be denied, that the spirit of what was Renaissance, when it first came up, has been stifled by arbitrary rules and the routine founded upon them. It has been checked, chilled, and benumbed; wherefore it requires to be now awakened and re-invigorated, and to be set at liberty again, in order that it may now do for us what it did for its originators about four centuries ago, before it became systematised and formalised. It certainly calls for correction, but it is also very susceptible of improvement. At any rate, it does not deserve the unqualified and sweeping vituperation bestowed on it by Mr. Ruskin, who very cavalierly, and somewhat arrogantly too, denounces it as "the pestilent art of the Renaissance," which summary condemnation convicts us of nothing more than his own decided antipathy to it. And surely there must be something very peculiar in that gentleman's idiosyncrasy when we find him, on the one hand, so furiously intolerant of all Renaissance and Palladianism, and, on the other, so dotingly enamoured of the ducal palace, and St. Mark's, at Venice, in which last he is pleased to behold supreme loveliness!—the very last quality which

any one else would ever think of attributing to that grotesque pile.

We must not tamely allow ourselves to be brow-beaten by Mr. Ruskin, or suffer his *notorious* fancies to upset all previous architectural teaching. Crotchety he is even as a writer; for his style is frequently the very reverse of what is suitable for conveying didactic information and criticism, it being eminently fantastic, and not a little mystical and studiously obscure also. Nor is it even original, since it is only Carlyle, and his un-English mannerism, at second-hand."

ZETA.

THE LATE JOHN HENNING.

JOHN HENNING, the restorer of the Elgin Marbles, is no more. He was born in Paisley, on the 2nd of May, 1771, where the genius of art found him at the carpenter's bench, and "threw her inspiring mantle over him." From his native town, Henning was induced, in 1802, to repair to Edinburgh, where he acquired, during nine years' residence, considerable distinction,—a distinction all the more meritorious from having been fostered and encouraged by the patronage and friendship of Jeffrey, Horner, Murray, Brougham, Scott, and others, who, at that time, adorned the Scottish capital in the world of letters, and of whom he has left the "living form and pressure" in his medallions and busts. A visit to London, in 1811, brought the Scottish sculptor in contact with the Elgin Marbles. Fascinated with these noble fragments of Grecian sculpture, he succeeded in obtaining, contrary to academic formula, permission from Lord Elgin to draw from them. This circumstance fixed him in the metropolis, and after twelve years of unremitting assiduity to their restoration, the Parthenon friezes sprung from his hand at once the glory of art and the admiration of the age. No sooner, however, had the friezes of the Parthenon appeared, than pirates of them, as much injurious to art as disreputable to humanity, deprived the indefatigable artist of nearly all the profits of his labours, tending, besides, to damage his reputation from their utter imperfectness. To his Elgin friezes succeeded the cartoons after Raphael, works of like transcendent merit, in which is faithfully preserved the truth of the original, and which elicited the enigmisms of Flaxman and Canova. By these reproductions of Grecian and Italian art, the fine arts have received an invaluable assistance.

Tous has that flame, kindled in obscurity, but gathering as it grew fresh lustre, as much from the difficulties surrounding it as from the noble sources by which it has been fed, closed its brilliancy amid the halo of a reputation seldom attained in a position so unfavourable to the development of artistic talent.

CITY TOLLS.—Is the good old times, "when London was paved with gold," I repeat—they had a law (and have it now, doubtless) that no cart, wain, or carriage should presume to traverse London streets with any iron tier on the wheels, and it is not very far-fetched to imagine, when that law was modified, it was done so as a favour to the outside barbarians that they should pay a toll in lieu of coming in untried. This toll still remains: whether you take them in load, or buy their wares at a good profit to them, still, in and out, the toll must be paid. This is the time of liberal gifts: St. Paul's has given up the two-pence, the Abbey the monumental free, and, let me be able to say, the Great Quay has given up the toll on carriages, to, at least, the dwellers within the circuit of five miles of their Quay—a little for love, and the rest for justice—seeing their carriages do not pay toll to any of the out-ports. This is but fair play; and fair play hurts nobody.—WESTMINSTER.

* Since writing the above, I see by a notice of it in this week's *Builder* (May 31), that a publication has appeared, in which, it seems, Mr. Ruskin is taken to task, and Renaissance is defended against his and certain enemies of it as altogether worthless, and even pernicious. Still, what has been said elsewhere in opposition to Mr. Ruskin's doctrines, need not stand in the way of the remarks which I have offered.